PS 3505
.R275
J6
1915
Copy 1

Joy

By

Lillian E. Craner

Joy

Joy

BY

LILLIAN E. CRANER

I smile, you smile—
The world is bright!
I sigh, you sigh—
And thus make night!

MISS LILLIAN E. CRANER
PUBLISHER
4168 Howe Street, Oakland, California

PS3505
.R275J6
1915

MAY 21 1915

©CLA398924

CONTENTS

	Page
Dedication	4
Cheer	5
Our New Year Prayer—1915	6
If We But Try	7
The Dawn	8
Thou Art My Shield	9
San Francisco Bay on a Sunny Day	10
You	11
Sunset Meditations	12
What "Pays?"	13
Sonnet—"Life's Poems"	14
The Early Morn	15
Birth	16
Smile	17
The Shades of Your Heart	18
The Sunrise	19
The Answer	19
"I Am But I"	20
The Smile	21
Sunshine	21
The Presence	22
Life	23
A Word Portrait	24
Winter	25
Summer	25
Love's Gold	26
Today	27
Life's Essence	28
To You, Dear World	29
Faith	30
The Workers' Prayer	31
Ev'ry Seed Hides a Flow'r	32

Copyrighted 1915
by
LILLIAN E. CRANER

O YOU, who seek for Joy, but know not where it dwells; and YOU who know Joy well, yet have not learned to tell your Brother Men; to You, whose wondrous works have taught me how to do my humble best; and, in deep gratitude and deeper love, to those whose rich affection, generous care and never-faltering trust have made my life so far a Happy Day, I give these thoughts which each of you inspired.

Lillian E. Craner.

CHEER.

(We make the sunshine of our life,
We make the Winter day,
We make Joy's flowers bloom anew
When kindly words we say.)

Though skies be grey
We need not say
That Life is dark and drear—
The only way
To live each day
Is making our own cheer.
Then dark or bright,
Morn, noon or night,
Our hearts will be the Sun;
In sound and sight
We'll know delight—
And share with everyone.

—Lillian E. Craner.

OUR NEW YEAR PRAYER—1915.

Lord, for the blessings that we know
We offer thanks today,
And for the good that forth will go
To dear ones far away.

Lord, for Thy kindness in the Past
We thank Thee; for the Sorrow
We only pray it may not last,
Let Joy return "Tomorrow."

Lord, for the Nations now in stress,
We pray Thee end the War;
Let Time's obliteration bless,
And Evil be no more.

Lord, for Thy guidance all the year
Our thanks now take; and oh!
We need Thee, Father, ever near,
As Thou, who made us, know.

—Lillian E. Craner.

IF WE BUT TRY.

I tease and chat and play a while,
And then I grin, and people smile,—
    I wonder why!
Mayhap I sigh; then people gaze,
And sigh, themselves, half in amaze,—
    Just from my sigh!
So on Life's way if we but smile,
And try our best, just for a while,—
    Then bye and bye
We'll see no faces sad and drear,
The Reign of Love we'll welcome here—
    If WE but try.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE DAWN.

The sun smiles through our windows every morn
And says: "Awaken, welcome in the dawn;
The day is new, the Past is gone for e'er;
Take thou the task to make the Present fair."

Each day is new-made just for us to gain
An upward step, through our preceding pain,
A chance to see ahead a goal secure
And walk with hearts the new day has made pure.

Each day has time to love, and pray, and dream,
When work is done; and therefore does it seem
Most sad that we so often drift along
Nor strive to turn to Right, instead of Wrong.

That we have often stumbled in the past,
And our last failure will not be the last
Of all our life, should simply help us, friend,
The hours now ours more wisely far to spend.

Success is only ours while we still try
For greater heights, upreaching toward the sky;
And Failure is not Failure if we learn—
Then toward the Right with new-found courage turn.

While life is ours we owe to it a debt—
To try our hardest, and through troubles met
With courage, and through joyous hours, well spent,
At last know what a rounded life has meant.

—Lillian E. Craner.

"THOU ART MY SHIELD."

The day is dark, with cloudburst imminent,
The tint of heaven changed to darker hue;
The icy breeze makes bitter thrusts at you—
The fury of the elements unpent.
Forth go the workers, with their heads down-
bent,
Umbrellas raised, though futile, it is true;
Some seem to mind no gale that ever blew,
While others falter onward, almost spent.

So those who face Life's Storm in trembling
fear,
Ungirt with Faith,—that wondrous heritage
Of all-embracing Love, through ev'ry age,—
Will lose, unfound, the Road of Joy made clear
To those who trust God's eye and seek His ear
Content with Love,—nor fear the Tempest's
rage.

—Lillian E. Craner.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY
ON A SUNNY DAY.

So blue the waters of the Bay,
So deep the sky above,
That one can see,
It seems to me,
God's eyes, a-beam with Love.

The snowy gulls above the boat
Weave figures in the air,
Their airy grace
Takes fitting place
Within the Bay scene fair.

And decked with trees the Island near,—
Its grassy covers bright;
A bit of jade
In blue inlaid,—
It yields the eye delight!

So warm the sun, so pure the air,
So joyous is the day,
That workers smile—
Forget a while
That life is aught but play.

Smooth is the motion of the boat,
And swift our happy trip—
Why ere we know
Our boat will go
Into the Ferry slip.

The trip is past, but when you dream
Years hence of "Long ago,"
This fair Bay scene
On Memory's Screen
Will live again, I know.

—Lillian E. Craner.

YOU.

Because of snags encountered on
Life's way
You sulk, and thereby help to spoil—
A DAY.

Because some one has frowned at you—
Last YEAR—
The Shadows of Displeasure you
Hold near.

Because of sadness present or
Long past
You lose your LIFE—still fretting to
The last.

—Lillian E. Craner.

SUNSET MEDITATIONS.

The Gold of Man is quickly spent,
We know not where it goes;
The Gold of God, from Heaven sent
In ev'ry Sunset glows.

And weary workers wend their way
To home each night, and rest,
Arising, with the new-born day,
To face the Future blest.

And when the Shades of Evening mount
Beneath the Sunset glow
I wonder whether people count
Their blessings, or each woe;

Or if they rather count the pain
As aftermath of joys gone past,
And, understanding all they gain,
Adjust themselves to Life at last.

Sweet memories of dear ones near,
Though bodily at rest;
The living faith that GOD IS HERE,
And all who try are blest!

I do not try by words to preach,
But ah! I strive each day
The hearts of those who mourn to reach
To help them find the Way.

—Lillian E. Craner.

WHAT PAYS?

It does not pay to grieve,
  It does not pay to fret,
Or Evil to believe—
  Though people do it yet.

It does not pay to worry,
  It does not pay to haste,
For sometimes too much hurry
  Is what makes all the waste.

It does not pay to trouble
  Till Trouble troubles you,
For Worry's Trouble's double—
  I think you'll find this true.

Our life is but an hour,
  But if in that we grow
The Plant of Love to flow'r
  What IS worth while we know.

—Lillian E. Craner.

SONNET—LIFE'S POEMS.

To him who bears no poem in his heart
All Man's and Nature's melodies remain
Poetic form, or just a simple name,—
Pegasus? No! Rather plain horse and cart.
With rules of meter no perplexing part
He plays to whom all rhythms are the same,
For writing is a pastime—HIS the game
Of seeking gold, content in Business' mart.

But he who thinks of verse as wondrous fair
Without his dreams must count an empty day;
In iridescent words true poets pray,
And thus win added strength and lighten care.
Then keep thy soul for thoughts beyond compare
And live creating poems on Life's way.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE EARLY MORN.

The grayish haze on water,
And above
The pink-streaked blue of morning
That we love.

The clangor of a Fog Horn
Far away,
And nearer, chat of workers,
Happy, gay.

If going to our duties
We but SEE—
Then glorified our ev'ry
Hour will be.

—Lillian E. Craner.

BIRTH.

I slept, and an Angel whispered:
"Child, thy spirit eyes unclose,
Now gaze upon Nature's workings—
The blush of the blooming rose,
The rise of the lofty mountains,
The song of the tireless sea,—
All made by thy God, through Nature,
While through Woman God made thee."

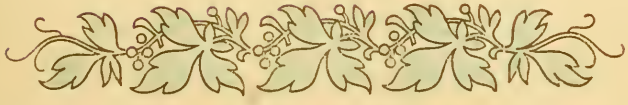
I saw, in eyes of the spirit,
I saw in eyes of the earth;
I knew that God's greatest blessing
Was the pow'r to bring to birth
A bit of strength of the mountains,
A bit of bloom of the rose,
A faith in an unseen power,
A heart—and a mind that knows.

—Lillian E. Craner.

SMILE.

Happy smiles lighten trials,
  Brighten ev'ry heart;
Won't you try? Check the sigh,
  Do the nobler part:—
Smile, my friend; smiling, send
  Kind thoughts forth, and lo!
Rich delight, day and night,
  Back to you will flow.

—Lillian E. Craner.



THE SHADES OF YOUR HEART.

When the shade is drawn and your life
seems dark
Do you think the Sun is gone?
It may be the break of a Summer's day—
The wonderful hour of dawn.

When the Sorrows come do you think the
world
Darkened for ever and aye?
Then open the Shades of your Heart, my
friend,
To the Joy no gold can buy.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE SUNRISE.

In one short hour the dark of Night is gone;
Happy the day—another sunrise born.
So, lightning-like, do Worries speed away—
Why not FORESEE the joys of the new day?

THE ANSWER.

I prayed for Happiness each day
And asked for Peace at night;
The Lord made answer: " THIS the way—
Love—LOVE with all thy might!"

—Lillian E. Craner.

"I AM BUT I?"

"I am but I?"
Nay, GOD is nigh,
Making my Roadway bright;
As time goes by,
If I but try,
My goal will come in sight.
No beauty mine,
In shape or line,
Yet if my words can bring
A spark divine,
O! world of mine,
My heart in Joy will sing.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE SMILE.

Since cheery words new courage give,
And smiles reflect the sun,
Try smiling ev'ry day you live
And ever count your task undone
Unless the world is happy too—
THAT'S why God gave the Smile to you.

SUNSHINE.

Did you know that Sunshine grows?
See it in the Sunset glows—
Find it in a happy heart,—
Smiles are Sunshine—do YOUR part.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE PRESENCE.

The hours move onward while we wend our way
Through varied lives; some smile, while others
frown,—
The homespun dress must pass the silken
gown,—
Sometimes the rich seem sad, and poor folk
gay,
But all, alike, find duties in the day.
Grant Thou, O God, that we who wander down
Thy earthly Aisles of Labor wear a Crown
Of Faith, to give Contentment when we pray.

And somewhere, from the Great Unseen of Life,
I feel a wondrous Presence gleaming near
Which says: "Who work with Hope, not Fear,
In labor toward a goal of Peace, not Strife,
In thoughts of others giving of their Life,
Such know me well,—and them alone I hear."

—Lillian E. Craner.

LIFE.

Life is a Path we all must walk
Throughout the changing years,
A Road with branching side retreats
For all our Joys and Fears.

Life is a Book that all must read,
And reading, write their own;
Life is the Music of the World,
And ev'ry soul a tone.

Life is a Game that all must play,
And playing, stake their All;
Life is the Garden of Desire,—
Ambition scales its Wall.

Life seems a Scourge in time of stress,
But ah! in hours of Joy
It holds the Heavens in its grasp—
Love's Gold without alloy.

Therefore, as through the years we go,
Of nobler things we dream,
And since this fleeting life of ours
Is lighted by the gleam

Of Love and Hope, of Work and Play,
Of Sacrifice and Prayer,
Let's look for God within ourselves—
And we will find Him there.

—Lillian E. Craner.

A WORD PORTRAIT.

I paint for you in words, instead of shade,
The picture of my Grandmother, so dear;
The kindest woman that God ever made,
And though in Heaven now, forever near.
When in this realm of laughter and of tears
She walked her way, her sweet and kindly smile
Was powerful to banish all the fears
That hovered o'er us; gone our ev'ry trial
When she was nigh. Recall soft hair of brown,
And eyes as rich a brown and deeply true;
A face formed all for smiles—no thought of frown
Unless a deed unworthy you would do.
All Angels' faces show that dear smile;—oh!
You would have loved my Grandmother, I know.

—Lillian E. Craner.

WINTER.

Banked clouds on the horizon,
  Cold Winter in the air,
But warm my heart with loving—
  I hold my Sunshine THERE.

SUMMER.

The day will bring its Summer,
  And ev'ry hour yield Spring,
If hearts will take the message—
  And like the birds but sing.

—Lillian E. Craner.

LOVE'S GOLD.

We cannot always speak our thoughts,
  And still
A kindly word so often shows
  Our will!
We cannot give forever of
  Our gold
Yet smiles will oft times warm a heart
  That's cold.

—Lillian E. Craner.

TODAY.

(Dedicated to Orison Swett Marden and his "Joy of Living.")

Only " Today " is ours,—
The Past we cannot hold;
The Future but a dream,
Its story still untold.

I am happy today, are you?
But once on a time I was "blue";
Then I read a book
And its lesson took,
So I'm happy today; are you?

And it told me TODAY we live,
TODAY we must take and must give,
For Today is sure—
Make its Joy secure—
Just be happy Today; are you?

And it said we decide each day
If hours shall be sad or else gay;
While Tomorrow's near
'Tis TODAY is HERE,—
So I'm happy today; are you?

Only " Today " is ours,—
The Past we cannot hold;
The Future but a dream,
Its story still untold.

—Lillian E. Craner.

LIFE'S ESSENCE.

To smile in others pleasure
  And to grieve when others sigh
Is living—in a measure—
  Yet 'tis better far to try

To smile when folks are saddened
  And in Love, and Faith sincere,
At last leave hearts so gladdened
  That the world will hold you dear.

—Lillian E. Craner.

TO YOU, DEAR WORLD.

The world is very kind to me
I feel,
And so on ev'ry day my heart
Will kneel,
Thanking the good in every thing
Around
From heaven above to dewdrop on
The ground.

The world is very good to me
Indeed,—
It gives me all the sustenance
I need;
It gives me work, it offers
Friendly smiles
And blesses me with Love's support
Through trials.

The world is very pleasant if
We know
The hearts of others as through Life
We go—
It means so much to think the
Kindly thought
And offer it, when needed,
Though unsought.

With all the Evil that is rife
I know
More Good there is, and therefore as
I go
I, too, would smile and say my
Cheery word—
Feeling perhaps a heart in need
Has heard.

"The world is very kind" again
I say;
I have its Dawn, with Sunset
Far away;
Life brings its blessings in the good
We do,—
And so, dear World, may ev'ry day
Bless you.

—Lillian E. Craner.

FAITH.

The Sorrows came, but I raised my head
And thought: "They live whom we call
the Dead."
Through tears I gazed at the Winter sky
And prayed for courage to Smile, not Sigh.

When troubles wax, and pleasures wane,
And living seems unending pain,
Call to your aid—and hold it dear—
Undying Faith that GOD is HERE.

The Past is gone; if we but gain
A deeper courage, not in vain
Has been the Grief; then try thy best;
For Him—who made us all—the rest.

—Lillian E. Craner.

THE WORKERS' PRAYER.

Give us each day our daily work,
  Oh Lord, we pray,
And will that we may never shirk,
  But earn our way.

Grant us each day our honest bread,
  Oh Lord, and too
Place us at work that points ahead
  To dreams, come true.

Give us each night pure bodies, tired
  From working true,
And then the rest that is required
  That we may do

Whatever labor Thou may will,
  And thus to be,—
No matter what the post we fill,—
  Worthy of Thee.

—Lillian E. Craner.

EV'RY SEED HIDES A FLOW'R.

The perfect blossom we admire
  Within a tiny seed once lay;
And all the Joys we can desire
  In Seeds of Smiles were born one day.

The mighty oak from acorn grows,
  From rivulet the Bay—
But richer yield to him who sows
  Good Will seeds ev'ry day;

For higher than the mighty tree,
  And deeper than the Bay,
The Love, unending, grown for thee
  If thus you plant your way.

A smile, a word of kindliness,
  Perhaps a new-made friend,—
And while another life you bless
  You gain as Love you spend.

In looking back take heart, and will
  To plant new Cheer each day and hour—
Love's fragrance then the years will fill,
  And bring the best of Life to flow'r.

—Lillian E. Craner.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 603 871 A